

SHORT HISTORY OF ELMER WOOD JOHNSON

By Abby Johnson Gooch

Elmer Wood Johnson was the son of William Derby Johnson and Jane Cadwallader Brown. He was born on the 18th of May, 1854 in Kanesville (now Council Bluffs) Pottawattamie County., Iowa. His parents, before coming to Iowa, lived at Nauvoo and personally knew the Prophet Joseph Smith. When he was two years old they moved six miles above Omaha, Nebraska on the Missouri River to Old Winter Quarters, (now Florence) Nebraska. It was here he spent his first school year. He often related an incident told him by his mother. When he was a very small child he stood with his mother and watched the first handcart company go by on their way to Salt Lake City and in that company was Matilda Hannah Baldwin (should be Hannah Matilda) his future mother-in-law.

In the year 1861 when father was seven years old, they pioneered to Salt Lake City with other pioneers. They traveled with a company under the direction of Sectus Johnson, father's cousin. There was a good many ox teams and a lot of people. As near as he could remember they were on the road about three months and traveled about 1,500 miles. His father had his own outfit and brought his family who were seven in number, his sister, Almera, and her two daughters, his brother-in-law, Alra W. Brown, and a teamster, whose name he doesn't remember. They had four teams; one with four yoke of oxen, one with two yoke and one with one yoke and a single horse and wagon. This horse and wagon was used especially for his mother and smaller brothers and sisters.

He remembered well the way they camped at night. They would form their wagons in a half circle to the right and a half circle to the left and in the center a large fire was made to keep them warm and give them light to cook their suppers by. After supper was over the beds were all made and then they spent many happy evenings singing, reciting, telling stories and sometimes they danced and sometimes they had meetings. Evening and morning prayers were never forgotten.

Father said he was too young to remember too much about it but as he grew older his parents often told him about it. He did remember Indians coming into camp several times but that there was never any trouble with them. Also he did remember herds of buffalo but they were small herds. Father's brother, Willie, was four years older than he was and he drove the small wagon with one yoke of oxen. Willie was a great one for reading and he would drive along with his head stuck in a book paying no attention to the gait of the oxen. His father would send him back to tell Willie to hurry up as he was too far behind. How different from our transportation of today.

Father told of an incident that happened that taught him a great lesson. One morning the camp was preparing to start and all the grownups were busy hitching up the oxen and getting everything ready to move. Father and his cousin Della, (Aunt Almere's daughter) climbed into the wagon they were going to ride in. Della was sitting in the front and father was to the rear and hanging on some wagon bows (wasn't that just like a boy). Hanging on one of the bows was an old pistol of Willie's. He knew this pistol would misfire more than it would fire and he knew his father had warned Willie not to leave it loaded. He took it down and suggested to Della that they play hold up, each taking turns demanding something from the other. They had been playing for some time when Della grabbed his straw hat from his head and stuck it on her head. It was his turn to be the bandit so he demanded that she give his hat to him. She refused so in fun he said, "Give me my hat or I'll blow your brains out." She said, "I'll not do it." So he aimed at the back of her head and pulled the trigger and to his horror it went off.

She jumped out of the wagon with her hand clasped to the back of her head and blood was running down her neck. Running and screaming she cried, "Elmer has killed me". His mother came running to the wagon where he sat stiff with horror. She told him that he would never be whiter when he was dead. They found that the skin on the back of her head was broken but the bone was not injured at all. Surely providence was caring for her. He said it turned out to be a laughable affair instead of a tragic one. Father was always opposed to anyone, young or old, pointing a gun at anyone else. It was a real lesson to him.

After enduring the hardships that all pioneers endured, they arrived in Salt Lake City in the early part of 1862. His father bought a house on South Temple Street between 2nd and 3rd West. While living there he attended his first school in Utah and during that winter he was baptised. He was ordained a deacon when he was twelve years old. He sang alto in the 15th Ward Choir for about four years and he took part in the first local play at the Salt Lake Theatre. When he was 17 years old President Brigham Young advised his father to move to southern Utah. They stayed one winter in Washington County near St. George before settling at Johnson, 15 miles east of Kanab, Kane, Utah.

During the winter of 1872 and 1873 he attended school for three months and that was the last of his schooling. They were always on the frontier raising stock and pioneering. While he was going to school that last winter he met my mother, Mary Jane Little, for the first time. He tells how impressed he was with her and could even describe the color and kind of dress she wore. She was just a little girl between 12 and 13 years of age. It was three years later that he finally persuaded her to marry him. She was not quite 16 and he was 21. On November 5, 1875, with father's sister-in-law Aunt Luke Johnson as chaperone, they left Kanab. They were two and a half weeks getting to Salt Lake City. They camped at night and cooked over a campfire. They were married 22 November 1875 by Daniel H. Wells in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. They arrived back home December 22 having a trip they never forgot. They went to Johnson to make their first home.

Father wrote down some of the positions he held while living at Kanab and Johnson, both in church and civic. He was Sunday School Superintendant of the Kanab Ward, had charge of the dramatic work, also chairman of the dance committee. He acted as Deputy Sheriff under Sheriff Alma P. Spillsbury, and one term as Sheriff of Kane County. In 1880 he was appointed census enumerator of the 29th Census District of Utah.

I would like to quote here what father wrote concerning the birth of their first child. "Mary Heva was born October 6, 1876 at Kanab, Kane Co., Utah. She was never very healthy and strong but was a sweet child. When she was about 7 months old Brother L. John Nuttall, President of the Kanab Stake, and other brethren came to Johnson to hold some meetings and they were staying at my father's place. We took little Heva and asked the Brethren to administer to her and bless her which they did and from that moment she began to improve and became healthy and strong and kept so."

It was during this time that polygamy was being practiced and men were advised by the authorities to take more wives. On the 21 November 1879 father married his second cousin, Julia Anna Orton.

The following year on January 9, 1880, another little girl came to father and mother and they named her Lucy and called her Lulu. That fall father was called on a mission. Such faith they had, for before he left he killed a beef but it was so skinny they could hardly fry it. Vegetables were so scarce they would boil alfalfa for greens. They said they were better than nothing. He bought each of his wives enough material for two dresses and left them with 25 cents in the house and in the same house.

I have heard them both say that they could have gotten along worse, perhaps better, they didn't say. No doubt better than if father had been there. After father was gone for 18 months he took down with fever and chills and because they were unable to get them stopped he was given an honorable release and sent home. When they went to meet him they were dressed alike with white leghorn hats with white stockings. I forgot what color dresses but probably black or white.

Father was surprised to find all their debts paid off and more in the house than when he left. Surely God was mindful of them! When their babies were born about a year later, there was just one month's difference in them. They lived in the same house and planned and made their baby clothes together. Both babies were girls. Aunt Julia's (as we always called her) little girl was born 10 March 1883 and they called her Caddy. On the 10 April 1883 mother had a little girl they named Junietta. That made four little girls for father. Yes, he was proud of them but like all men he longed for a little boy. Two years later the stork again visited mother and Aunt Julia. On the 20 February 1885 another little girl was born to Aunt Julia. They named her Anna. Three weeks later on 13 March 1885 a little son was born to mother. Father

was a really proud dad. They named him for father and called him Elmer Wood Johnson, Jr.

By this time they were not living in the same house for father, along with many other men was being sought by U.S. officials for having more than one wife. Father with others served his time in jail. They lived in caves, dugouts, or any place they could get away from the officers. They knew the principle was true but what a way to live. Finally, after prayerful consideration, President John Taylor sent some of the apostles to Mexico to make arrangements for the men who wanted to live with their wives to take them to Mexico to live. In the fall of 1885 father went to Mexico to take part of his brother Willies' family (Aunt Charlesetta and children), the rest having gone some time before. Father returned in the spring of 1886.

Things kept getting worse. There was no peace either for the men nor their wives. So in 1887 father decided to plan for their move. Aunt Julia was expecting again in October and mother in January. Father left Aunt Julia at Johnson with his mother and in September of 1887 he and mother and their four small children left for Old Mexico. They traveled as all pioneers in those days, by covered wagon. Bedsprings were put in the box to serve as a bed for my dear mother and the two younger children while father and the two older ones slept under the stars except when it rained; then they all slept in the wagon. They cooked on campfires and went through all the hardships that pioneers endured and it took them two months.

On the 26 October 1887 while father and mother were on their way to Mexico another little girl was born to Aunt Julia and they named her Lodema Viola and called her Loie.

They arrived in Colonial Diaz, Old Mexico the latter part of November 1887. Other families had pioneered there so they were not alone. They pitched their tents and proceeded to prepare for winter. They were glad to know that the winters were not as severe as they were in Kanab. How they got along I couldn't say but I do know that on January 22, 1888 the old stork left me in that humble tent and I begged them to let me stay. For 20 years I partook of their hospitality. Many times has father told me how the heavens wept at my arrival and mother and I were the victims.

The tent leaked and father had to keep pans on mother's bed to keep us dry. It is needless to say that they had hard times; how could it have been otherwise. They had nothing in a material way but they did have a testimony of the Gospel and they had good old pioneer blood coursing through their veins. This gave them courage to dare and do and they did it. In the spring or fall of 1889 (I'm not sure which), Father had Aunt Julia and her family come to Mexico. Will just say that by this time father had seven girls and one boy.

Those brave pioneers had to make adobes and build their humble homes; make most of their furniture and the wives had to do all they could to help make a living as simple as their living was. Page after page could be written on the things that

transpired there but I will say that they had no easy life. Everything that was brought from the states had to have a heavy duty paid on it so although there were no luxuries they had the necessities and lots of love. As with other pioneers, their first consideration was to have some good schools and the General Authorities saw to it that we had good teachers.

We had no doctors, but the men held the Priesthood of God and they depended on that power. Our Heavenly Father was good to them. Father was raised on a ranch before going to Mexico so he went to stock raising and farming. With the help of mother and AUnt Julia we got along. On the 19 April 1890 Mother had another little girl and they named her Verna. Then on the 14 September 1890 another little girl was born to Aunt Julia and they named her Tessa. I guess by this time father had made up his mind that he was to have girls. On December 9, 1892 another little girl came to mother and they called her Nita. Father laughed and said he guessed he would have to give her to the Bishop for tithing, as she was his tenth little girl. Then on 10 March 1895 worlds without end, mother had another little boy. They named him Lorin Willis and called him Lorin. It lacked just 3 days of being ten years since Elmer was born. We were all so happy and father was as proud of those boys as a peacock with its feathers spread. Lorin like Elmer, was a sweet little boy and we all loved him as we loved Elmer.

Three years later on 22 August 1898 another little boy blessed our home. He was named William Derby after his grandfather and we called him Willie. But he was not to stay long; just one short year. On the 24 August 1899 his little spirit fled to a happier place than this. We all missed him so very much. Mother had no more children. On the 23 October 1900 a little girl was born to Aunt Julia and they named her Elma. Three years later another girl was born to Aunt Julia and was named Fern. Father was proud of his dozen girls as well as his boys. In the papers I had of father telling of his boy's lives he never mentioned any of his girls; perhaps they were too numerous to mention. I don't blame him.

Very few men with plural wives and families in Mexico were able to care for them as they would have liked to and so it was with our family. Both mother and Aunt Julia had to contribute to their support. Mother and her older girls decided to go into the candy business. They paid \$100.00 for a pure sugar candy recipe and got a small hand mill and started the business. As it grew they were unable to handle it in our small kitchen, so father built a little candy shop. He decided to help with it which he did and it became quite a candy factory, our main support. We supplied all the Colonies with candy and also some of the Mexican colonies around close.

Father was a nice looking man and had a pleasing personality. Both old and young loved him. He was known to all as "Uncle Elmer". He had a good voice and entertained old and young with his singing. Some of the songs I remember most clearly were, "The Drunkards Wife", "Hard Times Come Again No More", "Nellie Gray", "Ben Bolt," and many more. Such songs never die.

He took a very active part in all social activities as well as in the church in the little ward of Diaz. I will mention some of the ones he had written down. He acted as the Chairman of the Dance Committee for 12 years; seems to me he was always on it. He was head of the old folks committee several years and had charge of the Dramatic Association for years. He loved to act on the stage and he was good in any part. I remember him taking part with Aunt Verona Whiting so much. They loved to play together and they were both very good. He loved to dance and in my memory I can hear him calling in his plain clear voice for the quadrille and other called dances. Calling didn't interfere with his dancing. He was such a good dancer and we all loved to dance with him.

Father sent and got the first phonograph that was known to us in Diaz. It was called a graphaphone. He used to sell tunes to the young folks. He had a little room in the front of the candy shop where he sold candy and a drink that mother made. Father put the graphaphone in there on dance nights and he had a large horn on it and earphones for four couples. It was really a hit and just as wonderful to those of us then as TV is to us today.

He also sent back east and got the first valentines. He got both comic and pretty ones and he sold them. He did that for a year or two and then the Mutual sent and got them to sell. He was always trying to promote something for the young people, as all our entertainment was homemade. But we did have good times. One of our sports was hayrack riding and Uncle Elmer could always be depended on to take us on his team and rack. He was a good chaperone and had fun right along with us.

Father was kind to his children but we did have to obey. He would never punish while he was angry so he usually didn't punish. But in his kind way he would talk to us and show us where we were wrong. Any punishing was done by Aunt Julia and mother. Mother was married at 16 so as her girls grew up each one understood that she couldn't go with boys until she was sixteen. Then, she said, she knew we wouldn't be married that young and we didn't. Father would have been more lenient I am sure but he saw to it that we obeyed her and I'm grateful to both of them. He was always very concerned about the kind of people we went with and what we were doing. He kept pretty close watch on us.

Father was poetically inclined and he would select tunes he liked and composed words for them. They were really good and he had a book of such songs but I understand it was left in Mexico with the other things we had to leave when we were driven out. How I would love to have it. He was the life of all the social gatherings.

Father was a very spiritual man and had a lot of faith. One of the outstanding things he did in that little colony was to go among the sick when called and he was called at all hours of the day and night. I can remember as a child of getting up in the morning and father would be gone. Mother would say that he had gone to administer to so and so. Then as we grew older we discovered time after time when

he'd come home he would tell of someone having a new baby. Had we been as smart as the children of today we would have known all about those things.

In those days parents told their children nothing. We just had to guess and sometimes our guessing wasn't very smart. He always believed in the power of prayer and it always seemed to me that his prayers were answered sooner than most persons. I know of several times in my life, when I felt I could stand it no longer, I have gone to him and asked him to pray for me and I testify it wouldn't be but a few days and the answer would come for things I had been praying for for weeks and months. I have always felt I was very fortunate to have been near father during some of the tragedies of my life. I tremble to think what might have happened to me at the times of my first husband's tragic death had it not been for him.

Needless to say how I felt but he said two things to me during those awful days that has helped me many times in my life. I felt I had nothing to pray for as we had been driven out of Mexico and we had nothing. I had two little children and was expecting another and was among strangers. Burrell was killed and buried before I received word that he was dead. I was wretched and he said, "Abby dear, until you humble yourself and get on your knees and acknowledge God's hand in this, you'll never feel different." How grateful I have been all my life for those words of wisdom. Those were the kind of words he said to many and I'm sure it helped them as it helped me. We must remember he was human like you and me and he had his weaknesses. I have heard him say, with tears in his eyes, that if he had his life to live over again knowing the things he knew then, he could have done better. I'm sure we all feel that way as we grow older.

After living in Mexico for 25 years, going through all the hardships they went through and feeling safe and secure there, they were forced to flee and leave their homes and most of their possessions. With the rest of the saints of those little colonies they left the 28 of July 1912. Page after page could be written of their exodus but I shall just write father's own words that were written in papers I found among the things he gave me.

(Quote) "In the year 1912 the revolutionists were causing us so much trouble that we never knew one minute what to expect the next. On the 28th of July of that year, we received word from our Stake Authorities to move the women and children and all across the line without a moment's delay. A few minutes before 10 AM, 84 covered wagons, hacks, and buggies filled with people, bedding and lunches, pulled out of town with between six and seven hundred men, women, and children, and pitched camp at Hachita, New Mexico and was provided with tents and provisions by the U.S. government. From there the people scattered in all directions."
(Unquote)

They had established good homes and were independent. They remained in Hachita for some time and I would like to say here that in the next two weeks in that camp,

seventeen babies were ushered into the world. Several older people also passed away. I don't recall just how long they stayed there, but they soon realized that they would not be able to go back so word was sent to all the refugees that the government would give them free transportation to any place in the U.S.A. where they had relatives or prospects for work.

How thankful we should be that time brings changes. The same government that compelled them to take their families to Mexico 25 years previous was now feeding and helping them to go to a place for new refuge. It was impossible for father to take both families with him as he had nothing but his hands to make a living with and things looked pretty dark. My oldest sister, Heva, and her family lived on a dry farm about 7 miles east and 4 miles south of Idaho Falls, Idaho. She and her husband wrote for father and mother and any of the rest of us that would like to come, to come up there and homestead some land.

Father, mother, my brother Lorin, and my sister Nita decided to go. Lorin was about 18 and Nita just a little older. My sister Verna and her husband Shirl Black, also went. A little later my husband, Burrell, and I and our two little tots and his brother Andrew and his wife, S.E., decided to go, too. We all took up homesteads of 320 acres, corners joining. Aunt Julia decided to go to Oregon to her brother, Joel Orton. She stayed about a year and then spent the next year in Salt Lake City and in the summer of 1914 she moved to St. Johns, Arizona where her daughter, Caddie, was living at that time. She had the two younger girls with her, the others being married. Elma was about 14 and Fern about 11 years old. There she lived the rest of her life. She passed away in 1946.

Father and mother, as others, went through a lot. They weren't young anymore but were grateful for Lorin and Nita who helped a lot. This is my father's history so I will not elaborate on all our lives, but will just say that a month after we filed on our farm, Burrell and Andrew went to Ely Nevada to get work and one week after they left, Burrell was accidentally killed. I was left alone at the mercy of my father and mother. As I said, I had two little tots and a little girl was born 2 months later. Poor father and mother! Will say that my sisters and brothers were marvelous to do all in their power but none of us had anything so it was hard on everyone.

They would move to the valley for the winter and back on the farms in the spring. Through it all God was good to them. They had nothing but their clothes and their bedding. I believe my brother, Elmer, went back into Mexico and got another team out for father so he did have his two teams. Elmer was married and he and his family stayed in New Mexico and Arizona. It seemed that father and mother were tried and tested until we sometimes wondered how they stood it. It was a struggle for them to even build a room on their homestead. They worked early and late and had to haul all their water. Again they resorted to living like pioneers, going without the necessities of life had it not been for new friends, although strangers, being so good to them. It wasn't easy taking from others. They had lived independent lives

and it hurt to be dependent but God was mindful of them and none of us went hungry.

How well we all know that children's misfortunes are parents' misfortunes also. Three years after they came out of Mexico, my brother Elmer suffered a stroke, which left him speechless, and his strength all gone. What a misfortune! He had two little children so shortly after it happened; as soon as he was able he came to Idaho to be near where we could all help him. His wife Annie was as brave as they make them, but it was also hard on the folks. He took up a homestead and they built one room on it and helped them prove up on it. In the spring of 1919 they sold it for seven dollars an acre and went to Roy and got five acres of good land and a home. They planted fruit trees and raised a garden. Lorin would go down during the spring and summer and give them a lift and so they managed Elmer worked more than he had the strength and was never well and could say but a few words but we were all grateful that he wasn't helpless.

Through all of this father and mother's faith never faltered; they would still acknowledge that God knew best. We girls often wondered just how much they could stand or when their trials and heartaches would end. Little did we know what they could stand. I will just mention that during this time Lorin had also taken up a homestead and had proved up on it. He was 24 years old and he had been so faithful to stay by mother and father and also in helping Elmer but he felt like he couldn't go through life without some more education of some kind. He felt he'd like to go back East and study music so Nita who was still single, got a job to help keep mother and father.

So with the consent and blessing of his parents he sold his farm, took out an insurance policy, and in December of 1919 he left for New York. He got a recommend from his Bishop so he could do some missionary work while he was there. About the 1st of February out of a clear blue sky they received a telegram from the mission president telling them that Lorin had contracted the flu and within three days had passed away.

Again we all earnestly prayed to God to give them the strength to stand this tragedy. Immediately Elmer came to them, as two brothers could not love each other more than they did. He was a comfort to father and mother. Lorin's body arrived in Idaho Falls on the 8th of February and we laid him to rest on the 10th of February 1920 in Idaho Falls City Cemetery.

Elmer was very sad and he had taken a cold right after he arrived and did not feel good at all. Father said he could never forget the look that came on Elmer's face as he stood by Lorin's casket. He didn't get any better and he was unable to go home as he had planned. On Thursday morning he told the folks that he had dreamed that he and Lorin had spent the day together in the temple. He never complained and seemed happier but was unable to get up. The doctor was called but before anyone realized what was happening he had passed away with a smile on his face. He

passed away at 3:15 PM and Annie and the children didn't get there until the next day.

Annie as always was sweet and brave and was indeed a comfort to father and mother. Father was so brave and sweet for mother's sake, who was prostrate with grief, but we knew his heart was broken too. Neither complained but said "God's will be done." How marvelous such a testimony! How grateful they were for the insurance policy because it brought Lorin's body to them and with the balance they made a small payment on a small home. Nita worked and stayed with them.

I do not remember how long they stayed there but they later decided to sell their farm and their home and go to Salt Lake and work in the temple. Mother was never well again and very little temple work was done by her but father devoted his time in caring for mother and working in the temple when he could. True, they never had much but they were faithful tithe payers and every dollar they had was kept track of and tithing paid on it.

On 22 November 1925 they celebrated their Golden Wedding at Heva's place in Ogden. They had been married 56 years on 22 November 1931 and mother passed away 12 January 1932 in Salt Lake City. It wasn't easy for us to get father to break up housekeeping but mother had made us promise that if she went first we would not let him live alone. The things he wanted to keep were moved to Heva's place and that was to be his home except when he visited the rest of us.

During the late spring and early fall he spent his time at Junieta's in California, and at Loie's in Salt Lake City. But during the winter he stayed at Heva's. The thing I do remember is he spent 2 or 3 months in the summer with us in Pocatello. We all looked forward to his coming, as he was sweet and loveable to have around. No trouble and no bother but so independent that it was pitiful.

After mother's death he seemed to lose interest in life and in people. Going from one place to another was hard for him because it was hard for him to adjust. He couldn't hear well but his eyes were good and he loved to read so that did help. Father was always ready to tell faith-promoting stories and experiences and many times he bore his testimony to us. I'm sure at times the children got on his nerves but he never interfered. They were taught to love and respect him and we got along fine. He never complained about anything and showed his appreciation for every little kindness done for him. I only hope when I grow old if I must be dependent on my children I can be as sweet and loving as he was.

Father was very strict about keeping his record book. He was proud of his family and he still had his dozen girls. I heard him say many times that he hoped he never lived to see his dozen broken. He didn't. Wherever he was staying we girls always helped him all we could with his book. The last summer he was with us when we were having one of our many talks on the lawn, and they are sweet memories to me, he said, "I suppose it is foolish for me to worry and stew about my record. I'll soon be gone and then what will become of it?" It was that day that I promised him if no

one else did, I would see that it was done. I am trying hard to do that and I hope when I am gone some one else will take it over.

The last two years of his life he failed quite fast. In the spring of 1936 about the middle of April while in Salt Lake at Loie's, he slipped and fell and cracked his ankle. He refused to go to the hospital. Although almost 82 years old he had never been in a hospital and he had made up his mind that it wasn't necessary. He wouldn't have a doctor either. We finally got him to go to a doctor and at once he was sent to a hospital and Salt Lake. A cast was put on his leg, which had swollen to his knee and was black and blue. He stayed one night in the hospital and some of us stayed with him.

The next morning Heva and Chris came and took him to their place on Ogden and put him to bed. He wasn't very happy about it but I told him I would stay until he could go home with me as it was about that time of year. The doctor had told us that was liable to go at any time because of some complications that had set in. His heart had been bad for sometime and he had no desire to live. We sent the girls word and Verna and Junietta came. We cared for him the best we could and made his last hours as pleasant as possible. He wasn't to stay long and on the 6 May 1936 he quietly passed away and we laid him to rest beside mother in the Salt Lake cemetery.

We all missed him, his kindly smile, and his words of encouragement. But we knew he was happy so why shouldn't his passing bring us a sense of joy also. Father had a strong testimony to the very end and always said, "God knows best." At his passing he had between 80 and 90 grandchildren and great grandchildren. About a year and a half later his daughter Heva passed away and some years later his daughter Elma. In conclusion I would like to say that he has at the present time ten living daughters. In April of this year we all met at Mesa, Arizona for the first time in 50 years. We had a wonderful time! The oldest was 74 and the youngest 51. At present he has 292 living descendants. He was a wonderful Dad and I loved him dearly. We, his descendants, have a wonderful heritage and have every reason to be proud of it. It is a priceless gift, something money cannot buy. This was written in 1954.